

# Forests

Forests so green, forests so damp and cold,  
The damp foliage remains undisturbed.  
The Kauris in the middle, seem so bold,  
The great huge bulldozer, seems undeterred.

Forests with the leaf litter on the ground,  
I am falling onto a bed of leaves.  
The singing birds make a beautiful sound,  
Forests are an amazing sight one sees.

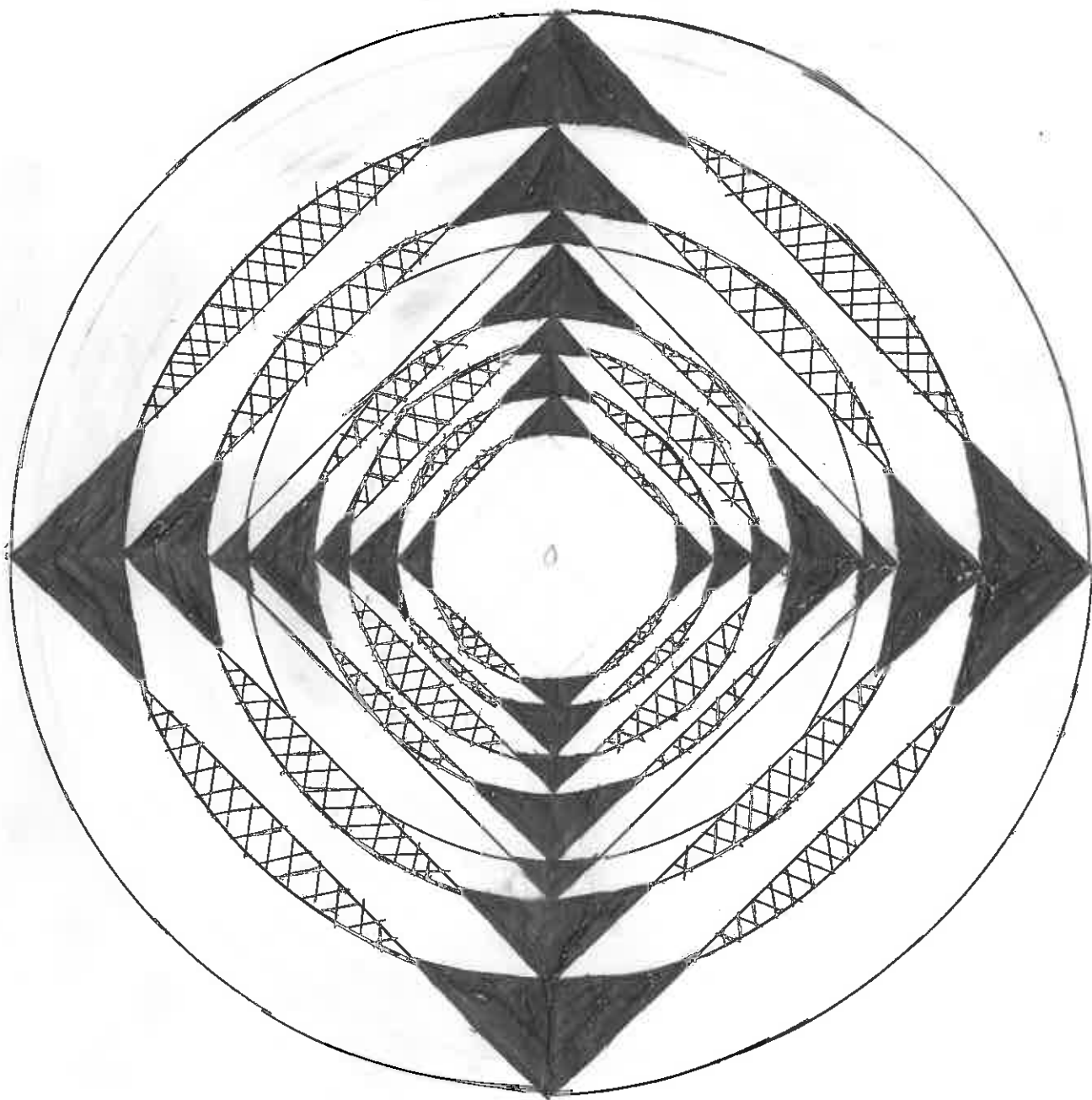
When the amazing forest is destroyed,  
The cute animals have no place to hide.  
Although it is only man who enjoyed,  
The protester sat silently and sighed.

Don't let the sad forest crumple or die,  
Or else the Kiwi, will sit there and cry.

By Amber-Lee Lawrie







# Amazing Agricultural Amber-Lee

Her hair is as soft as the wind, and as blonde as the morning sun. Every time she walks into the place of her work, the trees rustle as if saying 'Ahh'. Her eyes are as soft as the purest holy water and as velvety as a horse's nose. Her skin is as pale as the creamiest sand in the Pacific. Her face is as soft as a newborn child.

She is the world's best Botanist. She can converse with the trees through her body language, and the trees speak back to her. She works with the most magical, majestic trees, their branches stretch out for miles and miles with the small, perfectly shaped leaves that look like golden nuggets. The way the tree's banded trunk camouflages the ground floor of the rainforest shows the amazing secrets of the leader. From the air, the tops of the trees look so amazing. She feels like jumping out of the helicopter and diving down with my hair flailing out behind me. Her style is casual which is good because her work means she needs to get her hands dirty. She normally wears three-quarter length shorts and a plain grass green top.





# Logging

Forests are places where I used to have fun,  
In forests you can enjoy nature without a worry.  
Now some men have turned up and it's been overrun,  
They might even decide to build a new quarry,

Sometimes I would scream and I would yell,  
I look in hiding as they gather equipment,  
Watching hopelessly as they continue to fell,  
I look at the cab but can't see for there's tint.

Maybe it's not so bad them cutting them down,  
I could have a bonfire with my whole street,  
We could make houses to fill up our town,  
And if we burn it we can warm our feet,

This is a serious matter so please, please, please,  
We need oxygen so don't cut down trees.



By Hamish Simmonds





# The Rollercoaster Of Life

Life is a rollercoaster as you ride,  
It sways and turns to side to side fastely.  
It goes up and it goes down with some pride,  
And also has insane twists and it also fly.

The coaster of life is more than a ride,  
It determines destiny of our life.  
Life coasters are many, only one takes the tide,  
Its momentum and speed starts to bring strife.

But when the life like coaster turns sour,  
It's your life that turns the wrong way around.  
That's when you wish you had extra hours,  
To return yourself back onto the mound.

It is time again to step to the track,  
And don't be the one to lie on their back.

*By Thomas Keen*